WAYS AND BYWAYS OF CHAPEL HILL

Pictured impressions of the village that has no frontiers

By slitting the folded bottom of each page, the size of the book is doubled and space is afforded for your own favorite shots — yet [illegible] photographic.

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FROM THE PIEDMONT TO THE SEA

It is up here in the front yard of "Gimghoul Castle" that the visitor to Chapel Hill is given renewed evidence of the village's middle-of-the-road attitude, even in the matter of altitude. His host will explain, with every indication of repression, that the location of Chapel Hill is not too high and not too low (that, in fact, it is just right) but pleasing alike to the Floridian and the Colorado tourist.

Looking through this stone portal and gazing out across the mist-enshrouded pine tree tops and over the rolling hills and green valleys toward the sea, the Argus-eyed visitor is inclined to accept in very truth the prideful avowal of his Chapel Hillian guide that "the wonderful health-giving climate for which we are famous is due in part to the fact that the strong salt winds of the Coast pass over these miles of piney forest on their way to us, so that all through the year we are favored with gentle pine-laden zephyrs with just enough of the tang of the sea to give them spice."

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THE STREET OF SHOPS

While Chapel Hill has no frontiers, in the sense that its influence has radiated to every quarter of the globe, it possesses in common with villages of lesser distinction its Whispering Gallery, where daily the good neighbors meet when marketing and virtuously discuss "the evil that men do," thanking the fates, the while, that **THEY** are "not as other men are."

Here, then, along this single block of stores, familiarly called "Uptown," the auld wives and, for that matter, the brides of yesterday, are wont to ban budgets for the nonce, to linger for the pause that refreshes and to lay an arch finger beside the nose over the recital of some more-than-usually delectable morsel of village gossip.

Chapel Hill is no "Midway," as the elders recall that term from the gay nineties and the Chicago Fair, but it is located, nevertheless, midway between the fruit trees of the Tropics and the money trees of the North. Naturally, the thrifty housewives demand "midway" prices, which sort of puts the merchants in a spot. But the gaiety of the morning-market atmosphere suggests that both sides long since arrived at an "understanding" and that a dollar does do double duty in Chapel Hill's markets.

RED TOP
ALE
WESTERN UNION
TELEGRAMS

DOORWAYS OF DISTINCTION

Never the "primrose path of dalliance" beckoned more alluringly than this lovely lane between the century-old episcopal Chapel of the Crossroads and the new "big" church. But those who here pursue the "flying buttress" practice, contenting themselves with merely providing "support from the outside," deny themselves an exquisite emotional and spiritual refreshment. For the interior is a glorious example of church architecture.

A good day to go is Sunday when (except, perhaps, for those foregathered in the spick-and-span Presbyterian meeting house just over the way) one meets the town's "best people," hears a well-trained surplice choir, listens to a typically-Episcopalian sermon in the modern mode and drinks in the comfortably soothing atmosphere of religion, ex the hell-and-damnation of our erring fathers.

On leaving, one is likely to find himself not out of sympathy with the aged communicant who expressed the wish to "live and die right here."

Whatever one's fancy in church doctrine, architecture or service, Chapel Hill provides it, and with that measure of hospitality for which the village is noted, even here in the dells and dales of Dixie where kindliness of heart seems almost to be born—not bred.

DIXIE DEWDROPS

Chapel Hill shoppers who like their vegetables "with the dew still on 'em" make this "country women's curb market" their Mecca each Saturday morning. Starting long before daybreak, whole families come chugging in from out—'way out—on back-country farms, bringing their own produce to their own market. Are they proud! Frail sisters, to whom "coffee-in-bed" is a rite, will never get the feeling. There are cakes and pies, jellies and jams—all honestly entitled to the much-abused label, "home-made." Forehanded patrons give their orders a week ahead, which accounts for the crates of live chickens that didn't get into this picture.

"No, there isn't much money in it. But it's a change." And, if the somewhat swagger get-up of several of the marketeers, means anything, that "change" business comes after market hours!

The Women's Curb Market is only a block from the Post Office, right handy for wives a bit fed up on "How Mother used to make it." They "get to chatting," and go home with some new ideas—not always found in the cookbooks.

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY

"The tumult and the shouting die. The captains and the kings depart." But the ancient vine-clad "Davie poplar," oldest living thing on the campus, is still going strong. Although riven from tip to base by a lightning bolt some sixty-five years ago, it seems to have taken the incident in its stride and is today green and sturdy, despite its one hundred seventy-five years and fifteen-foot girth.

A generation still unborn probably will find in its heart, when finally it does succumb, a doctorate for Durability. It wears its honors with the regal grace befitting its age and the name it bears.

For those who really dote on dates, here's one that's important—1789. It was a luncheon date, given under the old poplar by a Committee officially selecting sites for the initial buildings of the proposed university. There and then they determined the location of "Old East" exactly as it appears in this picture, its sun-bathed walls presenting a benign background for the famous tree.

According to the records left by the grandfathers of the GREAT GRAND DADDIES of the lads here pictured, Old East is, in truth, the oldest State university building in the country. Freshmen who look upon "Four Years" with awe might look again—at this picture.

HEARTH AND HOBBY

For the modern, up-to-the-minute professor of the Chapel Hill type, the sort demanded nowadays by our great universities, there's danger in the hearthstone. To escape the thraldom of dressing gown, slippers and old books, he must grasp himself savagely by the scruff and toss the dreamer with all his serenities up and out of his cloistered routine.

Here's where one of these ejected spirits found himself, and, in truth, he did "find himself"—and is glad.

"Any money in chickens?" "Not much, only chickenfeed. And, as that soon finds its way down their gullets again, it's the same old vicious circle."

So, here, only a drive and a put from the heart of town, he gets "what the world can not give" (the professors' world, anyhow) a highly intimate contact with Nature's most unchangeable principle, the law of change.

DATING 'EM UP

The clock says it's breakfast time, the figure of old Santa says it's Yule time and the students, "grabbin off a sanitch and glass milk" after an all-night cram, says it's "Exams."

This Y. M. C. A. and Book Ex, located almost in the center of the campus, does a thriving business in student-wanted merchandise throughout the year.

And, despite the background of the picture, it is not a racket. In fact, the boys say that this is where the ole dollar learned to do that 7th inning stretch.

Season's Greetings
Chesterfi

A PIPE DREAM

They vote "dry" in Chapel Hill. And why not, when Nature contrives such a dream-setting as University Lake for the source of the town's drinking water! After the technicians have done their stuff to assure its purity and healthfulness here it is piped direct to the citizen by a system that permits no defilement 'twixt fountain and faucet.

No bathing in the Lake, of course, but down below the spillway—a few yards back of the camera that took this fisherman's picture—the village children (and their elders) on Sunday afternoons stage aquatic carnivals all summer long.

The rumor has been denied that the lake gets its name from the road to it, which is as hard as that to a University degree. Bored parents, who don't like swimming and have waited impatiently "all the afternoon" for the kids to get "enough," probably are responsible for such reflections.

COLOSSAL

A much abused word came into its own when the architects and engineers of the Pool in the University's new gymnasium drew their plans. Big? It's the biggest and finest thing of its kind in this part of the country, with no less than eight standard Olympic lanes.

Snooty? Not a bit of it. It is open to all Chapel Hillians, old and young, Mr. and Mrs. In fact, it's in mid-summer, when most of the students are away and when Old Sol is doing his best to warm things up for the Southland, that the stay-at-home townsfolk find their greatest appreciation of the builders' foresight in constructing a Swimming Pool "big enough to wet down the whole of Orange County," as one of its narrower critics declared.

How little thought is given, generally, to the uphill fight waged continuously against these "rock-ribbed conservatives" by those to whom is committed the destinies of a forward-looking university!

AN "ENTERTAINING" EXHIBIT

Comfortingly adjacent to the fire-engine house and the new Bastile, the Legion Hut opens its doors for lively parties and informal dances, not only on its own but for non-members desiring to engage its hospitality.

But the "Hut" has, too, its tranquil hours. They say that in lowering weather, when there's a tang in the air and citizens hug their hearthstones, those gifted in such things can hear the great stones in the Hut's big old chimney rumble as they call quietly to the infrequent passerby, "Come 'round to the front, Brother. Pull up a chair to the fire, while we spin a yarn or two of the brave days 'over there,." A colored informant declares, "Dat ain't no moonshine, either, 'Coz Ah knows moonshine when Ah sees it."

The "Hut" has proved invaluable to Chapel Hill's "entertaining" bachelors. How else, for instance, could the student in his trailer home at the right of the picture hope to put on a show? It looks as if his latch string and his SRO sign must hang out together.

THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES

It has been said that an old hat takes on the personality of the wearer.

Well, anyhow, it's that way with Merchants Row in Chapel Hill. The atmosphere of the shops fits like a glove the personality of the town.

Naturally, this is peculiarly true of the drug stores. Here's one that is le dernier cri in cordiality, efficiency and modernity.

Its "Amen Corner," seen here, eschews local gossip but settles national and international affairs with dignity and despatch. It finds time, too, to put over its own prescription compounder as U. S. Congressman. (Fact; see last election data.)

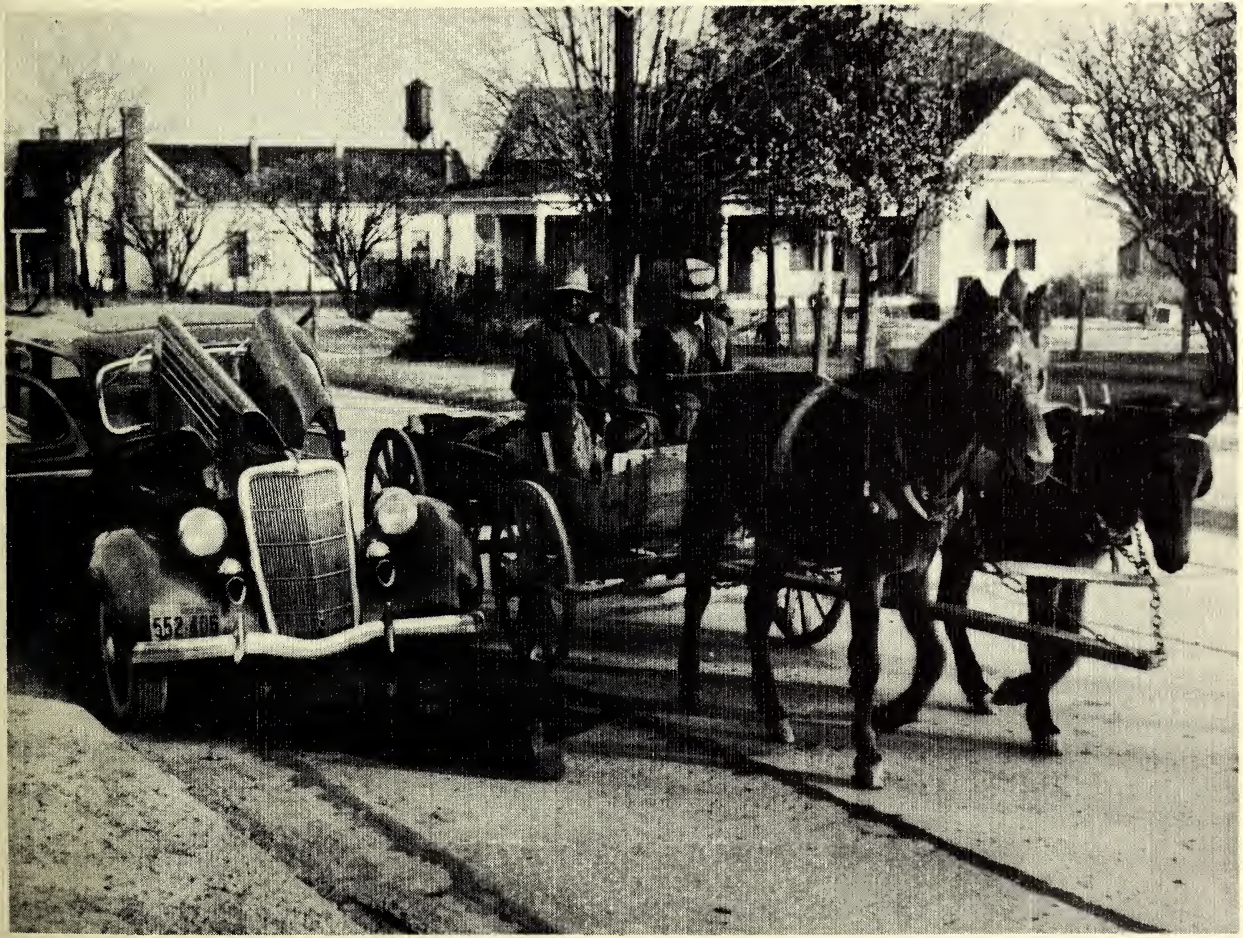
Who shall say but that the League of Nations might sit at the knees of these local Warwicks and gather wisdom!

ORRIS

"THE RACE IS NOT ALWAYS TO THE SWIFT"

One of the nice things about the South is that when things go wrong and one gets to feeling sorry for himself he can go out and look into the fathomless eyes of a mule and—brush up on his philosophy. Doomed to work hard, eat little and accomplish wonders, he never falters—he is always on his way. It's no good spreading a blanket and getting down under him with a wrench and a pair of pliers. And it's not sporting to swap him in for a new model.

Every week-end Chapel Hill's main thoroughfares are decorated with rigs like this but it is not considered good form to lay wagers as to whether the contraption will survive the home journey. If the wagon and the harness only would take as good care of themselves as the mules, it would be so much easier for the darkey driver. Ho Hum! Life is hard!

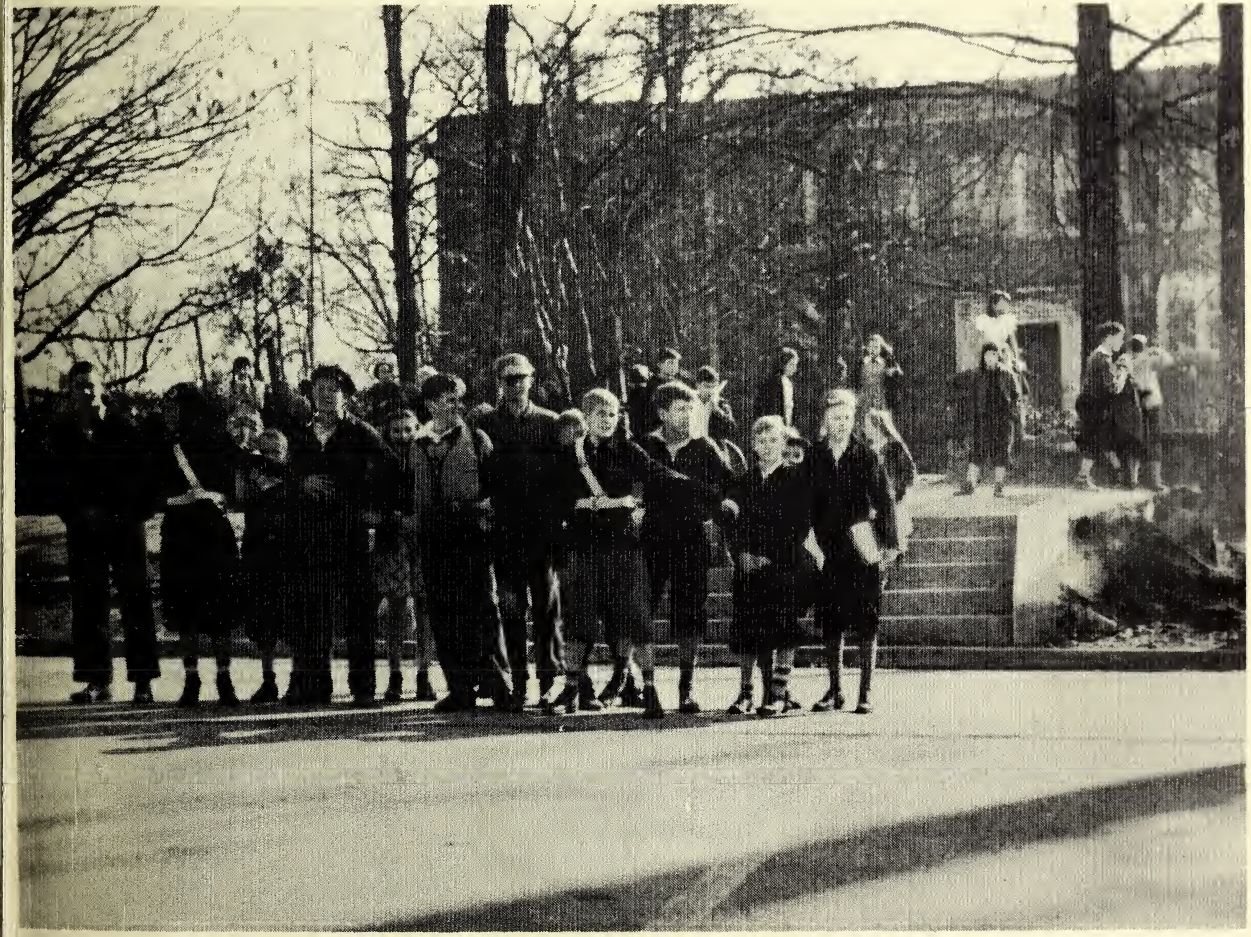


THE FIRST HURDLE

It is just one thing after another with Chapel Hill kiddies. After they get by this one there's a nice new modern high school waiting for them. When they have learned all its secrets, the big university beckons.

The youthful traffic cops are selected because of their ability to get into an argument without getting into a fight.

Sounds like a good idea, tends to lessen the parental anxiety of mothers slaving at home—over the latest Culbertson problem—and introduces the notion of discipline early in the formative period. The kids seem to like it.



"LESS POUNDAGE, LESS YARDAGE"

Here is a course as sweet as it looks. Clean fairways, true greens and, if one must hook into the rough, well —it's no jungle.

Up north the question frequently arises: Why did they build the town and the depot so far from the golf course? Not so in Chapel Hill, where it is only a drive and a put from the centre of things.

But it isn't the place to uncork any of those old familiar alibis, for this course is and has been the proving ground of the graceful little lady here pictured—America's premier woman golfer (no fooling).

This refreshingly frank young person, who wears her honors with the humility of the true thoroughbred, declares, "When you lose poundage from your frame you lose yardage in your game."

Now, maybe that's your cue: Are you getting your vitamins?

CONTRASTS IN LIGHT AND SHADE